NOTICE.

The Circulation of the MINER is greater by 500 than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

McKean County Miner.

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The McKean County Miner

[illegible] & SON, Proprietors.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

[illegible]

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

[illegible]

Physicians.

[illegible]

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Penn'a. R. E. Wright, Proprietor.

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Opposite the N. Y., L. E. & W. Railroad Depot.
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Newly refitted and refurnished. First-class Restaurant in connection with the House. Rates reasonable.
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Smethport, Pa., Aug. 22, 1888.

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The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease CONSUMPTION, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS and all Throat and Lung Affections. He knows all sufferers will be benefited by a trial, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address, Rev. Edward A. Wilson, Williamsburg, Kings County, New [illegible]
27-5-1y

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For Consumption, Scrofula, and all Wasting Diseases
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TO WEAK MEN
Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed), containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moylan, Penn.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to suicide or destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste in mouth, nausea, nervousness, headache, biliousness, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus

Distress After Eating **Sick Headache** **Heartburn** **Sour Stomach**

overcoming the local symptoms removes the original cause of the disease, banishes the headache, and relieves all the third named. "I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was, I think, aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint, I got a bad stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles—has immensely benefited me. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

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Hornellsville, N. Y.

I take My Medicine. I take No Other.

A BREACH OF FAITH

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

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CHAPTER I.

There was a prayer meeting at Lars Stromstad's farm. The sitting room was crowded with people, and all around the open windows eager listeners were standing, straining their ears to catch the words that fell from the preacher's lips. A current of foul, moist air, charged with the odor of human exhalations, poured out into the hallway where men and women stood packed together like herring in a barrel. Outside in the farm yard some small boys, now and then forgetting the solemnity of the occasion, fell to pummeling and hooting each other, and were severely rebuked by their elders as soon as their altercations became audible. Half a dozen young girls in calico gowns and colored kerchiefs on their heads made a point of listening to the fervid discourse of which a phrase now and then reached them, but watched furtively the unregenerate behavior of the boys, and snickered whenever one got the better of the other.

"Oh, ye generation of vipers," shouted the preacher in a terrific voice of warning and menace, "who shall teach you to flee from the wrath to come?"

The boys, supposing the admonition was addressed to them, grew quite alarmed, and seating themselves on a log in front of the wood shed, in various awkward attitudes, glanced at each other with a half cowed and shame faced bravado. But they presently forgot their fears, and then commenced anew the same punching and pinching and challenging brag which led to fresh quarrels.

"I know where there is a skunk," said Thorsten Slotten, a tow headed, freckled and chunky lad of 13.

"I saw a drunk man yesterday," observed Gunnar Matson, promptly accepting the challenge.

He was a tall, handsome youth of 14, whose coat sleeves and trousers were much too short for him.

"My father has a cousin who is in jail," retorted Thorsten, determined not to be beaten.

"But my father killed a man in Norway," cried Gunnar triumphantly.

"That's a lie in your throat."

"It is no such thing."

In a flash they had both tumbled down from the log, grappled, and, swaying to and fro, fought like tigers. The other boys, wholly oblivious of the prayer meeting, yelled with delight and shouted encouragement to the combatants, while the girls on the steps faced about quickly and strove to make to disguise their interest. Even the devout people about the windows began to gravitate slowly toward the scene of the conflict, and a vague sense of the disturbance communicated itself within the sitting room, where parents began to look back over their shoulders and ceased to follow the discourse.

This flattering attention spurred the boys to do their best. They pulled each other's hair and ears, planted blow upon blow in each other's foreheads, tried to "chuck" each other's legs, and resorted to which we require to keep body and soul together."

"The widow's mite, you remember, was particularly acceptable in the eyes of our Lord," said the pastor with unction.

There was no gainsaying such an argument, and after a moment's hesitation the widow pledged herself for $5. But she could not be persuaded to promise that her boy to the school, first, because he was not to be trusted away from her, and secondly, because she needed his help on the farm.

CHAPTER II.

He took the model to pieces and packed it.

It was true that Gunnar's father had killed a man in Norway, and that had been the principal cause of his emigrating to the United States. He had scarcely been to blame, however, for the homicide, for Osmund Galt had attacked him first, and he had to kill him in self defense, so the judge declared, though he was by no means favorably disposed toward the defendant, and Hans Mattson was acquitted. It was, as usual, a girl that was at the bottom of the trouble, for Hans and Osmund had been aspirants for the hand of Martha Vik, and she had preferred Hans. This was the harder to bear for Osmund, because his rival was a harum-scarum sort of fellow who was not even born in the valley, and had therefore no right to carry off one of the prettiest girls before the noses of a dozen eligible natives. Well, the end of it, as I have said, was sad, and, as it seemed the sadder because Osmund, who was a widower, left two small children to lament his death.

After his acquittal Hans bought a ticket for New York, and the story was told (though some pretended to doubt it) that Martha followed him to Christiania and met him on board the steamer when land was out of sight. She was desperately in love with him, people said. However that may be, sure it was that they were married by a Lutheran missionary in New York, and during the same spring took homestead land in Minnesota. But somehow Hans did not turn out as good a farmer as his wife had expected. He worked by fits and starts, but was more interested in learning English than in burning stumps. Nearly every cent he had brought with him went for live stock and agricultural implements, and when, after a miserable summer in a dugout, a simple log house was completed and sheds were built for the cattle they had to mortgage the farm in order to meet expenses. Then Gunnar was born, and things went straight for awhile. Hans took hold of the farm work in good earnest and met the first payment on the mortgage, but then he lapsed into meditation again, and his old restlessness got the upper hand.

He had an idea that if he could break away from his countrymen and all Norse associations he had a fair chance of winning fame and fortune among the Americans. He broached the idea cautiously to his wife, who was so terrified at it that he repented of having spoken. She tried to make him promise never to entertain such a preposterous idea. That he refused to do, however, but he grew moody and silent, tinkered at a model for an improved threshing machine which he had invented, and lost all interest in the farm. When this had gone on for a couple of years Martha concluded that his case was hopeless, and she changed her tactics and began to urge him to go. If that was the only way to secure his happiness she would no longer stand in his way. And so one day he took the model to pieces, and packed it, with some clean shirts and woolen socks which Martha had made for him, into his knapsack, and started off for the nearest railway station, which was forty miles distant. That was the last Martha or her son had seen of him. Half a dozen letters arrived, to be sure, at long intervals during the first year of his absence, but they told only of mishaps, disappointments and privations. Martha wrote urging him to return, but there was always something new to try, always some tempting prospect which bade him take heart and not give up the battle. If this proved delusive he would acknowledge his failure, return to the Norse settlement [illegible] and hide his head in the chimney [illegible].

It was now two [illegible] since the last letter was received, and Martha took it for granted that her husband was dead. She had tried to institute inquiries, advertised for him in the Scandinavian paper, etc., but with no results. Several settlers had proposed for her hand during this time, but though she regarded herself as a widow she had refused all offers. A large settlement had grown up about her, and in a circuit of twenty or thirty miles the country was largely in possession of Norwegians. They did all in their power to keep up their nationality from their transplantation to neighborhood, and resented particularly their hostility to the Irish if a representative of that race dug a hole in the ground, and staked out a homestead on land which they had reserved for the occupation of their brethren in the faith. German Protestants they tolerated, though they were far from liking them, but the community of religion restrained them from active hostilities. And, moreover the Germans were no less clannish than the Norsemen themselves—congregating in communities of their own, and rarely from choice encroaching upon Scandinavian precincts.

In the meanwhile a church had been built—a simple frame structure, and about as ugly [illegible] could have been devised—and a clergyman had been called over from Norway. An ex-theological student named Salveson, formerly addicted to drink, but now ostensibly reformed, roamed about the country, giving instruction of an antiquated sort in reading, writing, arithmetic and Bible history. He was an odd stick—a typical wreck of the kind the old world is continually contributing to the new, but for all his failings he was well received wherever he went, and had free board and lodging at libitum on any Norse farm he chose to visit. When he arrived with a black bundle on two it seemed a remote spot people let him alone, and received him on his return after two or three days with unlimited cordiality. He was not in the best condition for [illegible] sions; but then, in a new country where scholars were scarce, no one could afford to be exacting.

Widow Matson, who was anxious to have her son profit by Salveson's accomplishments, induced him to stay for months at a time at her farm, and kindly overlooked his periodical disappearances, and his demoralized aspect when he crawled forth as [illegible] recommenced his labors. It was enough [illegible] that the pastor indorsed Salveson [illegible] of his unhappy proclivities was perfectly orthodox, and truly and purely Lutheran. Gunnar, on the other hand, was inclined to take a critical view of him, but found his instruction, on the whole, amusing. Salveson always smoked a long pipe when he taught, and his rubicund nose gleamed through the smoke while he spoke of Norway's past glory and the great deeds of the Vikings. Often he grew quite excited, scratched his tousled head and wiped away the tears that trickled down his cheeks.

"Thank God on your knees that you were born a Norseman boys," he would say, "for he might just as well have made you a miserable Dane, Irishman or Englishman or American. We are the proudest nation on earth, or we ought to be, if we would read our history aright. There wasn't anybody could lick those old Vikings. They conquered Normandy, a mere handful of them, and when the king of France wanted Duke Rollo to kiss his confounded toe—think of it, he, a Norseman, kiss a Frenchman's toe—Rollo simply took him by the foot and quietly turned him upside down. Served him right, the fool! And when they had gobbled up France these very same fellows—or I think it was their grandchildren—sailed over and put England in their pockets. Ho! ho! That was a neat job, wasn't it?"

And thus the poor drunken sot, with his bad teeth, frowsy head and dirty hands, would sit by the hour and with hysterical eloquence glory in the deeds of his ancestors. He was so proud of being a Norseman, though a drunk one, that he forgot all present misery in the sense of his historical grandeur. A Norseman drunk, he once declared, was a better fellow than a Deutschman or an Englishman or an American sober.

Gunnar accepted this and other similar declarations in good faith, and never questioned his own superiority by virtue of his Norse blood to all the foreign babel that surrounded him. He heard continually the same story from the pastor and all the neighbors. Anecdotes were told at every social gathering illustrating the money greed of the Americans and their unscrupulous attempts to cheat the guileless immigrants. The settlement, which was now large and prosperous, had a sense of comfortable solidarity and compactness as a snug little Norway, safely hedged in and diked against the wild ocean of infidelity, strife and vice, which roared in vain against its defences.

CHAPTER III.

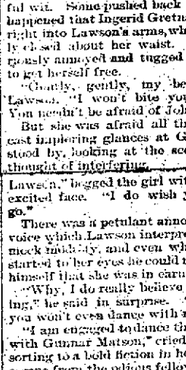
Gunnar lived in this state of idyllic satisfaction until he was 17 years old. At least he tried hard to persuade himself that he was content. And yet there would be times when a sudden disgust would possess him, and the future that was in store for him would seem pitiful and mean. Though a half superstitious dread of the great world that surrounded him had been impressed upon him from his earliest years, and stories of disaster consequent upon a desire to explore it had been dinned into his ears, he could not suppress a restless yearning to take the dangerous plunge, if only to test his skill as a swimmer. The great deeds of his ancestors, which Salveson had recounted to him in more or less distorted versions, had set his blood coursing at a rapider tempo, and vague visions of glory, gorgeous and unsubstantial like clouds at sunset, inflamed his imagination.

But, on the other hand, there was his father's fate to deter him. He might have lived quietly and contentedly, as God and meant him to do, if he had not allowed himself to be lured by the temptation to gather riches and make himself great in the eyes of the world. That was what his mother had said when she told him of the troubles his father's restless ambition had caused her, and his scornful rejection of her prudent counsels. She strove now with all her might to draw the boy toward her, and the more, perhaps, because she divined in him the same spirit as that which had led her husband astray. She was a woman of women who could speak glibly of her devotion. But the dread, like an icy hand clutching at her heart, which took possession of her at the first hint of Boeing him revealed to her how deeply she loved him. She would have given much to have the language of affection at command, but come how it would, she did her best. And if, at this late day, she adopted caressing ways and endearing terms of address, she feared the resulting awkwardness both on his part and on hers. The tone of intercourse between them had been established by long habit, and strive as she might she could not now alter it.

Outwardly things were going along smoothly enough. The widow, by dint of tireless energy as I said, had worked up the farm until it fed them comfortably, and she had paid off the mortgage. Her chief concern now was to get Gunnar safely married, or at least engaged. He was, to be sure, very young, but not too young to feel a vague perturbation of his blood at the sight of a pretty girl. The great thing was to get him securely anchored, and as an anchor for a restless disposition she knew nothing that availed except a wife and children.

Gunnar, though he had no suspicion of his mother's plans, was insensibly drawn in the direction of her wishes. About a mile from his home lived a Norwegian farmer named Paul Gretna, who had a daughter named Ingerid. She was about Gunnar's age, or perhaps a year younger, and had a reputation for beauty. She was a soft, dimpled little creature, with affectionate blue eyes, a fresh infantine face and a rosy complexion. It was difficult to tell from that face what manner of woman she might grow to be, but it was fair to infer that she would make a comfortable wife and a good mother. She was a blonde and attractive personification of her sex; and that is, after all, what most men want their wives to be. A too distinct individuality is often an element of disturbance.

Gunnar was, indeed, not the only one who had discovered Ingerid's attractiveness. His old friend and antagonist, Thorsten Slotten, with whom he had fought at the prayer meeting, was a frequent visitor at the Gretna farm, as were also [illegible] other lads, who made it their [illegible] to disguise their admiration for the daughter of the house. On every Sunday afternoon after service, hung about the fences and the walls of the outhouses, pushed and punched each other, laughed uproariously when somebody stumbled or fell, and behaved with a sort of coltish sprightliness which was calculated to exhibit them in a favorable light in the eyes of Ingerid Gretna. Gunnar, though he felt himself above indulging in this



"*I wish—I wish I had never seen you.*"

When the feasting was at an end and a proper interval had been allowed for digestion the fiddlers rened up their instruments and the dance commenced. The girls, in fresh calico and muslin dresses, stood squeezed together in the hall, giggling and whispering. Somebody among them was awfully witty, and made sarcastic observations on the men, which made the rest nearly explode with laughter. The young lads hung about the outskirts of the crowd, advanced as far again retired with a sheepish air, as their courage failed them. The [illegible] encouragement of their friends and rivals, no less than the suppressed merriment of the girls, made them shrink from the decisive step.

This was the situation when Gunnar and John Lawson came sauntering through the hall in earnest conversation. The groups, seeing the girls, suddenly lost his interest in Hans Matson's disappearance, and with a jaunty air strolled up to the blushing throng.

"My, my, how pretty we are," he exclaimed with an exaggerated mock admiration, rolling his eyes toward the ceiling and making absurd grimaces. "I wonder who is the prettiest of you, for I mean to have the prettiest or none."

The gently pushed himself into the midst of the crowd, while the girls drew back about him, laughing at his delightful wit. Some pushed back and thus it happened that Ingerid Gretna was thrust right into Lawson's arms, which promptly closed about her waist. She was seriously annoyed and tugged and pulled to get herself free.

"Gently, gently, my beauty," said Lawson. "I won't bite you, my dear. You needn't be afraid of John Lawson."

But she was afraid all the same, and cast imploring glances at Gunnar, who stood by, looking at the scene without thought of interfering.

"Let me go, Mr. Lawson," interposed the girl with a flushed, excited face. "I do wish you'd let me go."

There was a petulant annoyance in her voice which Lawson interpreted as mere mock modesty, and even when the tears started to her eyes he could not persuade himself that she was in earnest.

"Why, I do really believe we are crying," he said in surprise. "Well, well; you won't even dance with me?"

"I am engaged to dance the first dance with Gunnar Matson," cried Ingerid, resorting to a bold fiction in her anxiety to escape from the odious fellow's arms.

Gunnar, starting up as from a dream at the sound of his name, stood for an instant irresolute, but as soon as he took in the situation stepped forward and released the girl.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Lawson," he said, without the least excitement, "but since this is my dance you'll have to be content with the next."

He had no desire at all to dance, but of course when a girl appealed to him in distress he could not consult his own inclination. Lawson, who was not at all a bad fellow, gave an awkward laugh, and grabbed hold of the next girl in the crowd, who proved to be Ingerid's friend. Thories was now broken, and the other lads, overcoming their bashfulness, started forward with one accord and swung a dozen more girls out upon the floor.

Gunnar, when he had once begun to move to the rhythm of the music, felt a kind of intoxication in his blood, and he danced with a vehemence which must have taxed his partner's strength. There was a battle raging within him. This sweet, blonde, trustful girl whom he held in his arms, who responded so readily to every glance he sent her—she was his Norse past, and his Norse future, too—small aims and endeavors, an idyllic resignation and contentment in small things—a narrow concentration of interest upon food, clothes and petty economies, relieved by a little theological squabbling about the pure Lutheran faith. Even though such a life was all for which he had a right to aspire, would it ever satisfy him? The flashy grocer, Lawson, appeared to Gunnar the very incarnation of success, and his jaunty bearing represented an unattainable ideal of manners. Why should not he too enter the race, and though he might not reach such an eminence as that of Lawson, why should he not content himself with a smaller measure of success?

The parson said he would imperil his soul's salvation. Well, his pure Lutheran could not be worth much if in order to keep it undiluted he had to seclude himself from all the rest of the world and avoid contact with those who believed otherwise than he. He had hitherto accepted the parson's reasoning, or rather he had never thought of doubting its soundness. But now a new question arose: Was it not his duty to start out into the world and find his father, or at all events ascertain whether he was alive or dead?

All these thoughts kept whirling confusedly in Gunnar's brain while he danced, and when finally the music ceased he conducted his fair partner out into the yard in order that the breeze might cool her off. She noticed his seriousness, and thinking he disapproved of the little fib by which she had gotten rid of Lawson she began to ponder a little speech intended to put her misdemeanor in the most favorable light.

"I hope you are not angry with me," she said; looking up into his face with a smile, intent upon mollification.

"Oh, no, why should I?" he answered half absently.

"Because—because—I wanted to get rid of that city fellow," she faltered, begging forgiveness with her large innocent eyes.

"I wish you'd try to remember," the young man urged tremulously. Lawson is a man with a [illegible] frown on his face, as if he was trying hard to recall the name.

Gunnar, his eyes dilated with eagerness, dropped his knife and fork and glanced anxiously at his mother, who was conducting a sober conversation on the prospects of the crops with a neighboring farmer.

"How did I use to speak to you?" he asked smiling.

(Continued next week.)

IT WILL LESSEN TAXES.

From the National Tribune.

In their mendacious howl about the burden laid upon the tax-payers by the Disability bill, the soldier-hating papers carefully keep from their readers one important fact, to wit, that the bill really lessens local taxes to a large amount.

At last accounts there were fully 30,000 disabled veterans of the Union in the poor houses of the country. Besides these there must be thousands more dependent fathers, mothers, widows and orphans of soldiers, who will be taken out and placed in their homes by the beneficent action of the Disability bill. Each year would have seen the number of these greatly increase, as old age made its sad inroads upon the health and strength of these relics of the war.

Every Township, County, City and State Treasury will be relieved of a burden by the Deficiency bill, because it will take the burden of supporting their deserving people from the overtaxed local treasuries, and place it where it belongs—on the strong box of the Nation. The veterans did not fight for their Townships, Counties, Cities or State, but for the whole Nation. Consequently, their contributions should not be burdened with taking care of them and their dependent ones, that the country which received the benefit of their services and sacrifices.

The Government's income is not a burden to the people. Its revenues do not take the shape of taxes—are not taxes in fact, but exactions for their own benefit. No man is conscious of being assessed by the Government. It is the reverse with local taxation. There the money is taken directly from the pockets of the people, and they feel every cent they pay. Local taxation is everywhere a burden, and whatever lightens it is a direct relief. The money that will be saved to the local treasuries by the Government assuming the care of the thousands now supported by them can be well used for numberless improvements which the people desire to make, but hesitate to for fear of increasing their already high taxation.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE *Forum* for September will contain a political essay on "Money Interests in Political Affairs," by E. L. Godkin, editor New York *Evening Post*, in which Mr. Godkin traces to the growth of protection the enormous and alarming increase of the influence of money in politics, which he regards as the most important political fact of our time. In the same number Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, replies to Senator Chandler's recent article on "The Federal Control of Elections." Other articles in this number will be "The Training of Teachers," by President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University; "The Christianity of the Future," by Professor John S. Blakie, of Edinburgh, Scotland; "The Latest Astronomical News," by Professor Charles A. Young, of Princeton; "Thought of Interference," by Lieut. John P. Finley; as well as articles by Simon Sterne, Edward Everett Hale, James E. Murdock, M. S. Savage, and Alice E. Ives.

THE WONDERFUL CONGO RIVER.

For our knowledge of the dimensions and navigable length of the Congo, the largest, and, next to the Nile, the longest African river, the world is indebted almost entirely to Mr. Stanley, its discoverer, and the founder of the great Free State within its basin. According to Mr. Stanley the Congo is more than 3,000 miles long; and its size and volume the second river of the world, the first being presumably the Amazon. Like the Nile, the Congo has one stretch of its course interrupted navigation 1,000 miles long; between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls. Unfortunately for commerce, however, this magnificent stretch of water is separated from the sea by a series of insurmountable cataracts that compel a portage of 235 miles, or two portages of 52 and 50 miles and many transfers. This largest of all African rivers, and probably the most valuable from a commercial point of view, more promptly and more emphatically than any of the others forbids the upward progress of the white man. From "African River and Lake Systems," by Thomas Stevens in September *Scribner*.

"A SUCCESSFUL MAN" is the title of what is probably the brightest American story—typically American—which has appeared for many years. It is a story of life prominent in fashion and in politics, written by a member of New York's highest society who displays a genius as a writer destined to make her name famous—although she substitutes a nom de plume for her own well known one.

"A Successful Man" will appear in two parts in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*—the first in the September issue and is illustrated by Harry McVickar, the drawings being made from life from actual models who were guests and servants at a Long Island country house.

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NUMBER 32

McKean County Miner

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